#### ZOLA, THE GREAT BEALIST

A Career Marked by Poverty and Hard Work Before He Attained Fame.

Story from His Own Lips of How He Abandoned Poetry and Struck Out in the Field of Fiction-Determined to Be an Immortal.

New York Recorder. Few literary men have been the objects of more public attention than the great French realist, whose persistent and unsuccessful efforts to become one of the Forty Immortals have created for him considerable amused sympathy. M. Emile Zola has achieved what many another writer of books would like, an immense degree of attention. Whatever he says, whatever he does, however he lives-all the details of his life are eagerly seized upon by the average reader of novels and scanned as intently as the items about Queen Victoria that are allowed to filter into publication.

Zola's home is in Paris, on the Rue de Bruxelles. This man writes as a day laborer handles his shovel-hard, fiercely, unremittingly, muscularly. He produces a great amount of "copy" merely through intense application. But disappointment of a certain kind awaits him who visits M. Zola in his home for the first time. Remembering the immensity of his work, one is prepared to see the interior remarkable for almost ascetic simplicity. But once through the paved courtyard, in the little vestibule at the bottom of the staircase, here is the home of a dilettante, of a lover of artistic brica-brac, collected apparently more for show than for intrinsic worth, and not revealing any particular bent of artistic taste. The most interesting room, of course, is the foundry where the works of realism are forged, Zola's study. The main feature is the huge writing table. A tapestry cloth covers it, and upon this are arranged, in the most methodical order, a hundred and one of what may be described as the luxuries of penmanship. In a bowl by the side of the brass-clasped blotting pad is blue sand, which, by means of a gold spoon of a highly ornate character, is scattered over the wet page, after the old fashion before blotting paper was invented. To the right of the writer, as he sits in the high-backed chair, is an Oriental cabinet, full of little drawers, in which are his cards and various sizes of which are his cards and various sizes of which are his cards and various sizes of note paper. Upon this cabinet, suspended from a miniature gallows, is a huge watch or clock of the earliest Nuremburg manufacture, and in front of this stand side by side a figure of the Madonna in blue and gold, a Tanagra statuette and a tiny Buddha. Little trays filled with the most elegant of penholders, seals and penknives are trimly laid in handy places. Over the back of the chair is thrown a piece of embroidered silk.

In the chair sits a small, thin man, ner-vous in manner, with terrible wrinkles all over his face, who looks like an ascetic, a man of sorrow. It is only when speaking on any subject in which he is greatly interested that his pale and careworn face lights up, that his remarkable eyes flash fire, and the inner man betrays himself in this insignificant envelope. When he sits talking his invariable attitude is with crossed legs, the right leg thrown over the left, and from beginning to end of the conversation he jerks his foot from left to right versation he jerks his foot from left to right and back again in rapid motion. He had a quiet, deep voice, but is constantly troubled with a nervous cough, and soon shows signs of fatigue. He speaks at an extraordinary rate of speed and without hesitation, no matter what the subject. He recently told of his life to a writer for the Pail Mall Endget, hegipping thus: Pall Mall Budget, beginning thus:

STORY OF HIS LIFE. "At twenty I found myself face to face with life, without even the degree necessaty for the most humble position in any of the branches for which I was suited. I was without money, and had practically two people to support. Thanks to M. Labot, who had been a friend of my father's, I got a clerkship at sixty france a month. But the work was such drudgery and the prospects of any improvement in position so utterly negative, that I preferred to risk starvation rather than to continue, and resigned after two months of the worst slavery I have ever passed through. I had then about eighteen months of the most miserable Bohemianism to go through, without position, without money, without work, starving most of the time, and reduced to the most dreadful expedients for a meal of bread and cheese.

"Yet, during all this time I continued to write poetry, and nothing but poetry. My pleasure was to walk along the quays, spending hours in reading the books ex-posed for sale, and I was often an object of suspicion to the booksellers, for I was dreadfully shabby. I remember what a shocking overcoat I had at that time. It There is really only time enough left out all over. At that time I was living on the seventh story of a house in the Rue St. Victor. I never had a fire all those cold months, and when I could afford a candle it was my great joy. A candle meant that I or three times; he likes that, and so do could work at literature, which was then my absorbing passion, all through the night. The days when I could add to my pennyworth of bread a pennyworth of cheese or a cup of black coffee, I considered myself rolling in luxury; but most often bread, and not too much of that. formed my sole diet. I remember once having to come home in my shirtsleeves, on a bitterly cold winter's day, because had given my overcoat to a young lady whom I was then courting to pawn for her own needs.

"At the beginning of the year 1862 I re-ceived from M. Boudet, of the Academy of Medicine, a letter of introduction to the publishing house of Hachette, and as there was no immediate opening for me and I was literally starving at the time. M. Boudet asked me to carry round his New Year's cards for him—a porterage job. which I was very glad to execute for the price he paid me. My time of downright misery ended soon afterward, when I was taken into Hachette's employ. My literary education was made there. I met everybody in, or connected with, the world of letters, though I made few, if any, friends. am not an expansive man and always keep on the reserve. One Saturday night I dared a feat of daring. Before leaving the bookshop I laid-I remember how my hand trembled to this day—the manuscript of my 'Amoureuse Comedie' on Mr. Hachette's table. On the following Monday, at noon, the publisher sent for me, spoke to me very kindly, but said nothing about publishing my poems, as I had hoped he would. He, however, seemed to deem me capable of literary work, and two months later be asked me to contribute a story to a children's magazine which he published. wrote a tale called "The Sister of the Poor," but Mr. Hachette thought it too revolutionary in tone, and would not print it. My first book was brought out by M. Lacro's in 1864, but did not bring a farthing. In the followyear I contributed to the Journal and wrote some stories for La Vic Parisienne. At the same time continued my work at Hachette's, where was then earning 200 francs a month. used to work at my literature regularly; in fact, I have been very methodical all my life. My second book was entitled "La Confession de Claude," and was published also by Lacroix. It brought me in a small sum in royalties and first declared my literary tendencies. Indeed, it was partly because of the stir it made that leave Hachette's; and, accordingly, on the 1st of January, 1866, I stepped out to face the world once more, but this time with a pen in my hand and a certain reputation already made. My first step was to offer this pen to Villemessant, who was just found-ing the Daily Evenement. He took meas a literary clerk and reporter, and for some time I contributed a column entitled 'The Books of To-Day and To-morrow.' I received 500 francs a month and earned 300 outside. Then began my original efforts

TWO NOVELS A YEAR. "In 1868, being twenty-eight years old, I began the Rougon-Macquart series, in the fashion of Balzac in his 'Human Comedy.' Lacroix offered me 500 francs a month for two years, and I was to give him two nov-

els a year.

that brought me an income.

of my mornings to my task on the Rougon-Macquart series. From four to six pages of manuscript, of the size of a sheet of foolscap cut in half, is my average daily production. I write slowly and with some difficulty, and always think out my sentence so carefully that there are few, if any, corrections to my manuscript. I should say that fifteen hundred words is my daily output. It is not much; but consider what that makes at the end of the year. When I have done what I consider a fair daily contribution I throw down my pen, even if I be in the middle of a sentence; but the subject is so much in my mind that the next morning I can resume the thread of my composition even without reading over any part of what precedes. Formerly, before my books brought me in such large sums, I used to work at my newspapers in the afternoons, writing a letter for a Russian journal and a quantity of literary and artistic criticisms for the French press. But now that I am independent of journalism I spend my afternoons in leisure. When in Paris I am usually to be found in the art sales, for I am a great collector. In the summer I am usually down at Medan, a place which I bought years ago for nine thousand francs, at a time when I thought it folly to spend such a sum, and on which I have since spent twenty times that amount. There, as in Paris, I work regularly every day, but my afternoons are spent in my gardens or on the island in the

Seine opposite my house.
"I still desire to enter the Academy, but it will be a long time before I shall be elected. The Academicians object to my books, and that is a fatal objection. As to my person they find no fault. They admit that I am presentable enough in a drawing room, that I don't dress extravagantly, that I have no debts, and that I lead a sober, decent, respectable life. But they can't forgive me my books. If I have made up my mind to persist in my attempt to become a member of that society, it is more for the novel than for myself that I am fighting. I want the novel to be recognized as the most important form of literature, next to lyric poetry, of the century. The novel is still, in the eyes of the Academicians, what it was when the novel was first written-a literary trifle that sat very low down at the table of the banquet of literature. Yes, I shall go on and on. Each time that an Academician dies I shall wait the month of mourning, and then I shall write to the secretary and make my declaration that I am a candidate for the seat. I shall continue doing this for years

## THE BOY AT THE FAIR.

He Enjoys Himself and Is a Source of Enjoyment to Others.

New York Times. A diversion of the boy every night while you are casting up accounts and estimating assets and liabilities is to write out some notes of what he has seen through the day. In their turn the notes divert you, as, for "Went to the Woman's Building, but was not interested."

Following this ultimatum, which need not seriously discourage the painstaking women of the world who have prepared the treasures in their building, the boy plunges into the Art Gallery. His notes tell how he did it. "Went to Art Building and saw some very beautiful pieces of statuary and pictures. Saw picture of Prometheus with an eagle on him tearing out his liver. Saw a picture of Polhymnius tishing for mermaids. Saw pictures of a man and woman doing pen-ance. Their backs were bare and they were being beaten tied on mules. Saw a picture of a woman in a chariot driving over a dead man in the road. Saw model of German Reichstag and model of & Chinese pagoda. Saw a bronze statue of a man killing a serpent. When you looked right in his eyes he seemed to be killing you. Saw statue of Hercules. Wish I had

When it comes to the Midway Plaisance, the boy is in his element and his enthusiasm is contagious. The morning is hot and you take a chair for the jaunt, with the boy walking beside you. In about three minutes you have lost him, and your pusher, keeping one eye discreetly on the chair, for which he is responsible, backs away in the crowd to find him. He is in the Carman willage staring at a me agreement. the German village staring at some curious pipes and mouthpieces, and he is in no haste to proceed.

The Plaisance is a mine of wealth to him. Your chair man tells you it costs \$30 to see every concession of the Midway, but with a boy it can be done much cheaper. A little of it goes so far in his company that the whole of it simply cannot be accomplished.

The Ferris wheel alone is good for nearly a half day. He seems never tired of watching its slow revolutions and the massive proportions of its simple machinery con-

In the streets of Cairo he is radiant. He rides the camel and races the donkeys. He stares at the women with their ugiy black masks and he fraternizes with the little chap in the Mother Hubbard gown, who says his name is Monammed and who runs ahead of the sad-eyed steeds of the desert down the sham African street, crying, "Lookee out, lookee out!"

He stays so long in the ostrich farm that from economical motives you dismiss your chair and follow him inside, where you find him before the incubator, drinking in

that is, as the boy wants to see it, examining every warrior, woman and pappoose in separate and not-to-be-hurried detail. The boy takes you to the fisheries two you. He likes the Swedish Building, where, according to his notes, he sees "some fine

swords and all sorts of iron things, and

a wax figure of a man skating with a sail. Sail is fastened to him so that he can bring it into any position.' He likes the Mining Building, and he lingers there; he finds the Life-saving Station, and studies its equipments carefully; he goes to the Cave of the Cliff Dwellers and to the Convent of La Rabida; he sees Blarney Castle and Windmill Village, Horticultural Hall and the Shoe and Leather Building: he rides on the intramural railway and comes up from the city on the "whaleback" and does more other things than can be listed in this space, but when the last visit is made and the thumbed "official guide book" is just going to be put into the

trunk, he lays it down with a sigh, after having read of the things he didn't see,

and makes the remark with which this ac-

"The trouble with the fair is, it's too

And the boy is about right.

count begins:

THE SILLY GIRL. Accurate Description of a Very Wearisome

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a minoing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers. particularly if she be obliged to stand, There seems to be no center of gravity in her makenp; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of a hly nodding on its fragile stem. Her mood before the public is generally of the volatile, sunshiny order, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and discreditable in either role. Her giggles, her glances, her loud-voiced remarks, replete with emptiness of intellect, are simply maddening; she revels in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy, and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproof can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity. In a ten minutes ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments. the Christian names of her numeradmirers, the many compliments paid her, the shortcomings of her feminine friends and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection or Charlie's passionate love. Every ring (and she generally wears a lot of them) represents a conquest, a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded -- heart-broken, of course, There is only one more objectionable

of himself in every woman's face. Not Always Responsible.

creature on the face of the earth, and that

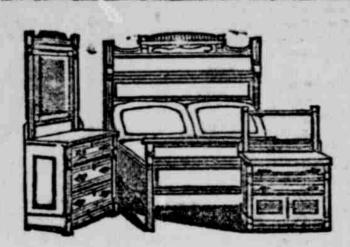
is the Jack of hearts, who reads admiration

Washington Star. "Erastus, did you ever rob a chicken "Jedge, yer Honor, I'se under oath, ain't l?"

"Well. I kain't do nuffin' else but 'cline teranser de question."

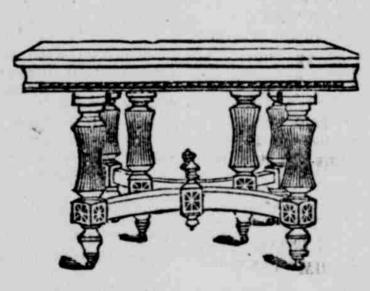
"Wby!" "'Cause I kain't be certain dat I am always sponsible for what happen ter me "Day after day during all these years I after dahk. You see I'm what they call a baye regularly devoted three to four hours sonnanablist."

Everything must be closed out at some price, as we do not handle the same goods two seasons. We will have a full line of the very latest Fall Styles by August and must make room for them. We do just as we advertise. Just ask your neighbor, as there is scarcely a house in the city that we have not furnished with some new goods. Everything will be sold at 40 to 50 per cent. off. Call and see for yourself. If salesmen should be found unacquainted with advertised articles, our customers will please call for the manager.



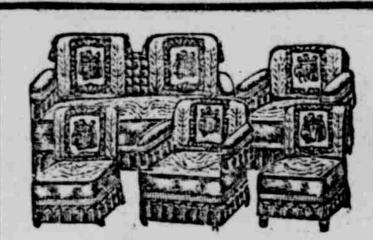
\$25.00	Bedroom	Suits,	worth	\$35.00
\$35.00	••			50.00
\$50.00	•	_	••	75.00
\$75.00				100.00

This cut looks out of reason, nevertheless it's a fact. Call and see for yourself and we will leave it to you whether it is true or not. It does not pay to humbug the people. We have no competition in the city when it comes to the prices. We control the leading and best articles in our



\$2.50 for a 6-ft. Extension Table. Just received a carload, and the same table will cost you \$4 elsewhere.

Woven-wire Springs for \$1.



Can you buy a 6-piece Parlor Suit for \$15 anywhere else than at the World's Fair? We have them for \$18, \$25, \$35, \$50 and \$75. All cut 50 per cent. during Summer Sale.



100 samples on the floor, in all styles and every shade of upholstering; also, black. We have the very Carriage that will suit you.



See our \$5 Trunk, equal to any \$8 Trunk. See our \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 Trunks. 300 sam-40 per cent. on a Trunk.



Read these prices on Carpets that we make for this sale:

2 pieces all-Wool45c
pieces Best all-Wool
Choice of any all-Wool pattern in the house, over 100 pieces
to select from, at 60c
3 pieces Cotton Ingrain18c
pieces Cotton Ingrain25c
10 pieces extra heavy Unions29c
Good Tapestry Brussels50c
Best Tapestry Brussels83c

### MATTINGS

MAIIIMO.	
100 rolls Fancy Plaid Mattings, worth 15c at 7	c
A good Jointless Matting 15	c
A Cotton Warp Matting30	c

### LACE CURTAINS.

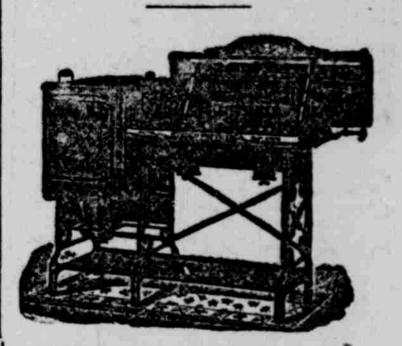
500 pairs, worth \$2.50, for ... \$1.00 300 pairs, worth 3.50, for...\$1.50 300 pairs, worth 4.50, for...\$2.00

#### ODD LOTS PORTIERES.

50 pairs Portleres, worth \$6.00, for...... \$2.50 35 pairs Portieres, worth \$7.50, for...... \$5.00 | to select from.



Largest and finest assortment in the State to select from.



Two-Burner Gasoline Stove at \$3.50. We carry every style and size made and can save you 25 per cent. on a Gas or Gasoline Stove.

#### DINNER SETS.

See our \$5 Dinner Set; also, our \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$25 Sets. 100 samples to select from.

#### TOILET SETS.

See our Toilet Sets for \$5, \$8, \$10 and \$15 a Set. 200 samples

### MRS.JEWSBURY ECONOMIZES

She Takes Advantage of the Bargain Season to Buy Some Useful Articles.

Expresses Her Views of Finance and a Willingness to Adopt a More Simple Way of Living-Not Frightened by Hard Times.

Mrs. Jewsbury looked tired as she simultaneously rocked and fanned herself and talked to Mr. Jewsbury, who occupied the hammock on the south porch; but, in spite of the weariness, her face bore the unmistakable expression of a woman at peace with herself and the world.

"I have been thinking seriously, Joseph, of what you said yesterday about the depression in business and the probability that the majority of people would have to economize in their living expenses in the next year or so in a way the present generation has never known. I hope your business will not be affected by the dull times, and I am sure it will not. Your trade is sure to be good, for people must have things to eat, even if silver is cheap; though, for my part, I can't, for the life of me, understand, if silver is so low in the market, why it isn't just that much better for the government to buy and make dollars of. Of course, I don't pretend to know about all the mysteries of finance, but it does seem to me it is a perfectly plain and simple proposition that when anything which is really valuable can be had cheap it is more desirable and profitable than ever to the purchaser. I am sure this is true of individuals, and why not of governments? Now, I went shopping to-day-but there! What I was going to say about economy was this: I haven't the slightest idea that you are going to be affected by hard times -you know you are so inclined to look on the dark side, Joseph; but I want to say right here that I am willing to cut down expenses and live in a much plainer way than we have been doing. Not that we have ever been extravagant; though I did think when you paid \$500 for Billy that you might have got just as good a horse, or one that would answer every purpose, for a quarter of the money. And then, there is the mastiff you gave \$75 for. I could have bought a beautiful pug for \$5, and a pug is so much more companionable. "However, as I was going to say, I have never been extravagant, but everyone will

acknowledge that the style of living which has prevailed in the past fifteen or twenty years has been growing more and more elaborate. Of course, we have had to do as others do, and housekeeping, and entertaining, and keeping up with the procession have come to be a strain and a burden. If everybody else is obliged to economize it would not look well for us to seem to be flaunting our prosperity in our neighbors' faces by going on in the old way, and I, for one, am ready to practice simplicity. To tell the truth. I actually pine for simplicity. Wouldn't it be delightful to do away with our heavy 6 o'clock dinners and have a dainty little supper-fruit, bread and butter, tea and one or two little things-a meal that I could prepare myself without any trouble? Of course, I would want somebody to wash the dishes and sweep, and so on. You could put away the horse when you came home, sprinkle the lawn, and do those things. It does seem foolish to keep a man for our work when he isn't busy half the time.

"You don't think you would like economy that took away your dinner after it had given you hard work to do, don't you! You don't seem to understand, Joseph, that a dinner of meats and vegetables and desserts is the greatest part of the daily house-keeping expenses, and that when people practice real economy they begin with the roasts, and the spring chickens, and the porterhouse steaks and the like. Besides, it is just as well to do with less of this sort of food. We have grown to exthe matter of eating. If we only thought supposed you would object to that, but so. we could get along just as well with you needn't. It was 50 per cent cheaper

one or two dishes at each meal instead of such a variety as we have. At least, I

"In house furnishings, too, there is such room for improvement in the way of simplicity. I have already done away with the hangings, and draperies, and ribbons, and other useless decorations that used to cumber things up and make the rooms so stuffy, and I would like to be rid of a lot of our heavy upholstered furniture. Now, here is something I saw in the Ladies' Magazine the other day that just caught my fancy," and Mrs. Jewsbury took a scrap of paper from her purse and read:

An ideal summer corner is made in the simplest way and with the simplest things. An ordinary clothes-horse is first draped with soft India silk in cool, winding curves, then made fast against the wall. Above it is a narrow shelf, on which rests a few works, a bit or two of faience and a jug for flowers. On the floor stands a couch of wicker, piled up with pillows of many sorts. At the window are curtains of pure white Swiss muslin, and before the divan rests a rug of harmonizing color. In the entire arrangement there is nothing of cost, yet the result is charming, and an opportunity for a siesta

"You know that bare corner in our sitting room. I have always wanted it filled up, and there could be no better time to do it than now while everything is so cheap in the stores. I thought it all out this morning while I was waiting for you to come to breakfast, and I went down town ten minutes after you were off, so that I could be early and avoid the rush. didn't, though; there was a perfect mob of women, all outearly. I didn't go near the special bargain counters. It's perfectly horrid the way women do crowd, and push and jam to get near where they are selling ribbons for next to nothing or calico for a cent a yard. Lots of them with plenty of money do it just because things are cheap and when they don's really know what they are going to do with them when they get them. I did buy three patterns of calico, though. One of the clerks I knew in another department went around and cut them off for me. No, I don't need any calico dresses myself, but they make such nice presents for the cook, and you know I have to give her something now and then to keep her in a good humor. Besides, such things never come amiss in

"But I was going to say: They are just giving away clothes-horses. I bought two, for I am going to fix up a screen to shut off a corner in the upper hall. When they are painted and enameled they are just as nice as any screen frame. And the India silks! Why. Joseph, you never saw such bargains. I bought a perfectly lovely piece for 49 cents a yard, the same quality I paid a dollar for last spring. You know you never liked that dress I bought then, so I never had it made up, and am going to use it for the screen drapery and make the new into a gown. Of course, it does seem rather extravagant to pay so much for drapery. but it amounts to the same thing in the end. I went back and bought a second dress pattern of the silk-a light color that will do for an evening gown. I shall need one before long, and it really seemed a sin to let the opportunity go.

"Well! Then I bought some down pillows; they were selling at a big reduction, and it was lucky I went when I did or they would all have been gone. I got some material for covers at a positively ridiculous price, it was so low. Then I went down to see about the couch and rug. Those wicker couches never seem to vary much in price. There wasn't one I'd look at for less than \$20, but I got a beauty. And rugs! You never saw anything like the way they are going. I got one for \$19. What makes you groan so. Joseph? Is it that rheumaout here in the hammock with no coat on, even if it is warm. But, as I was saying, a rug is a thing that ought to last a lifetime, and there is no economy in buying cheap "About the shelf with the bits of faience,

etc.? Of course, the person who wrote about there being nothing of cost in the arrangement of such a corner was speaking in a relative sense. You know the expense would have been much greater if I had bought an upholstered couch, and an oriental rug, and a decorated screen. I will have that ebony shelf brought down from our room and set that blue pitcher on it that Aunt Martha gave us. Up there it will look like better china than it really is. That lovely edition of Ruskin can go up there, too. I can't bear to read Ruskin, but it looks so cultivated to have his works lying carelessly around. "I bought a cut-glass bowl. There! I

than it would be at holiday time, and you know we will just be compelled to give

know we will just be compelled to give your sister Jane something nice in return for those spoons she sent us last Christmas. I need that bowl, though, myself, and perhaps I shall run across something else that will do just as well for Jane.

"But, Joseph, you never saw anything like—what's that? 'Buzz-saw girl?' Why, you're not listening to what I say. That was a funny story of Sherley's about the buzz-saw girl, wasn't it? How did you happen to think of it just then?

"Joseph, you never saw anything like the bargains in—everything. I bought a lot of napkins, and towels, and embroideries, and handkerchiefs. One can never have too many of such things, and, of course, it's economy to lay them in while they are cheap. Oh, yes, and hosiery and gloves, My gloves are such an expense when they come at the regular rates, I am obliged to have so many. To be sure, I

obliged to have so many. To be sure, I don't know much about this particular make, but they cost so little that they won't be much loss if they are not good. "And oh, I forgot. While I was down I thought I might as well take advantage of the reduction at the clothing stores, so I bought Tommy half a dozen pairs of short pants. You ought to see how nice- No. Joseph, Tommy Jewsbury shall not put on long pants this year; I don't care how badly he wants to do so or how long his legs are. I-just-won't-have-a great, awkward man made of him yet. He shall wear all these pants out and be a boy with some style about him as long as I can keep him

Mrs. Jewsbury rocked and fanned without talking for a few moments, and then re-"I tell you there is nothing like foresight and careful management. Now, if I did not look out for things when they were cheap, we should have to pay ever so much more when the time came that we had to have them. That is what I call real economy, Joseph. Oh, if hard times should come, you need not have the least fear for me. I should get along beautifully, don't

you think sof' But Joseph had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Jewsbury went over to tell Mrs. Johnson about her purchases, and was run into by a bicycle on the way, for it was a dark night, and the moon inspector, not being on duty, the electric lights had not been

Shall We Have State Bank Money? To repeal the 10 per cent. tax upon State bank notes would mean that Maine, Kansas,

California, North Dakota, Ohio and all other States would be in position to authorize local banking institutions to flood the country with paper money which could have no certainty of uniform safety and value. A Zimri Dwiggins might establish a chain of local banks on unsound principles and issue paper money which, mingled with the general volume of the country's currency, would be worthless in the hands of the last holders the failure of the banks. is now asserted in some quarters that Congress will refuse to repeal the harmful silver purchase act unless that repeal be accompanied by the resurrection of the still more pernicious system of "wild-cat" paper money that was buried thirty years ago. Whatever may or may not be done with our currency laws, every business man, every farmer, every professional man who receives a salary, and every man or woman who earns wages or has a fixed money income, should insist absolutely upon a national uniform currency, with the United States government at the back of every dollar in circula-

# Which nature is constantly giving in the shape of boils, pimples, eruptions, ulcers, etc. These

assistance must be given to relieve the trouble. SSS Is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to

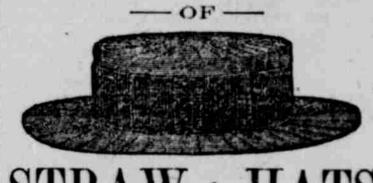
"I have had for years a humor in my blood,

which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut, thus causing the shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well, and feel like running a foot all from the use of S. S. S. CHAS, HEATON, 73 Laurel st. Phila.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free

EWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

-THE



In the City.

23 West Washington St.

# MUNCIE

POPULATION Jan. 1, 1887, about..... 6,000 Jan. 1, 1890, about...... 10,700 Jan. 1, 1893, about...... 19,786 Jan. 1, 1894, will be ...... 35,000 The future metropolis of the Great Natural Gas Belt of Indiana, 60x40 miles; every acre productive and backed by 42,000 square miles of

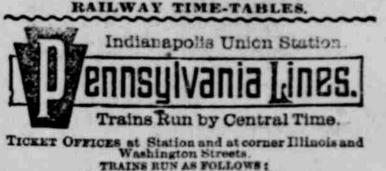
THE WHITELY LAND CO., Muncie, Ind. Mention this paper.

particulars address

coal. Destined to become the greatest manufacturing district of the United States. For

# PEARSON'S MUSIC HOUSE PIANOS

Easy: Monthly: Payments. 82 and 84 N. PENN. ST., INDIANAPOLIS.



Columbus, Ind., and Louisville \*3.55 am \*12.15 am Philadelphia and New York.... \*5.00 am \*10.15 pm Baltimore and Washington.... \*5.00 am \*10.15 pm Dayton and Springfield...... \*5.00 am 10.15 pm Richmond and Columbus, O.... 18.00 am 13.20 pm Martinsville and Vincennes... \*8.00 am
Madison and Louisville... \*18.05 am
Dayton and Columbus... \*11.45 am
Logansport and Chicago... \*11.50 am
Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*1.20 pm
Philadelphia and New York... \*3.00 pm Baltimore and Washington... \*3.00 pm \*12.50 pm Dayton and Springfield... \*3.00 pm \*12.50 pm Knightstown and Richmond... †4.00 pm †9.00 am Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*4.00 pm \*10.15 am Logansport and Chicago. \*4.00 pm \*9.40 pm North Vernon and Madison. \*4.00 pm \*10.15 am Martinsville and Vincennes. \*14.40 pm \*10.15 am Pittsburg and East. \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am Dayton and Xenia. \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am lumbus. Ind., and Louisville. \*9.45 pm

Logansport and Chicago ...... \*12,30 am \*3.45 am VANDAGALINE TO ST. LOUIS AND From Indianapolis Union Station

Trains leave for St. Louis 7:30 am., 11:50 am., 1:00 pm., 11:00 pm. Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on 11:00 p. m. train. Trains arrive from St. Louis 3:30 am., 4:50 am. 2:50 pm., 5:20 pm., 7:45 pm.

Terre Haute and Greencastle accommodation
arrives at 10:00 am., and leaves at 4:00 pm.

Sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through
trains. Dining Caron trains 20 and 21.